HACK/SLASH™

Hot Shots

SEELEY TERRY LEISTER

HACK/SLASH™
Hot Shots

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LETTERS BY CRANK!

HIGHWAYMAN TO HEAVEN
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SLICE OF LIFE
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I WILL DESTROY YOU ALL!
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IT'S HARD TO STAY ASLEEP.

4:34

AGGHK!

NOW, A 'COURSE THAT'S WHY I TOOK THOSE LITTLE WHITE PILLS FROM MEXICO IN THE FIRST PLACE. BUT THEY DON'T ALWAYS KNOW WHEN TO QUIT, LEAVING ME IN SOME MIDDLE STATE.

LIMBO. THAT'S WHAT IT'S USUALLY LIKE. ON THE LINE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL, WHERE DREAMS REPLAY OLD REGRETS OVER AND OVER.

BUT THIS TIME, IT WASN'T ABOUT ME. I SAW A FRIEND. FELLA I USED TO ENJOY GIRLS AND CHEESEBURGERS WITH.

WE HAVEN'T BEEN TOO CLOSE IN SOME YEARS, BUT I RECOGNIZED HIS PAIN AND DISTRESS LIKE IT WAS MY OWN.

IT'S PROBABLY JUST THE ANXIETIES OF A MIDDLE-AGED MAN WHO'S SEEN TOO MUCH.

BUT MAYBE NOT.

SIR?

HOW FAR ARE WE FROM *MEMPHIS?*

I RENT A CAR AND DRIVE THE REST OF THE WAY, FIGURIN' IT'S BEST TO AVOID LURING THE PAPARAZZI AROUND.

I KNOCK, AND THE DOOR GIVES AWAY. AIN'T NO ONE TO BE SEEN.

HELLO? ANYBODY HERE?

WEIRD SMELL WAFTIN' ABOUT. LIKE THE AIR AFTER YOU ACCIDENTALLY CONNECT THE WRONG WIRES TO AN ENGINE BLOCK.

I GET THE DISTINCT SENSE THAT THERE'S SOEMTHING JUST... WRONG.

I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE IF I WERE YOU.

BUT WHAT DO I KNOW, RIGHT? I'M JUST A LOWBEAST.

EXCUSE ME. I GOTTA SHIT.

I'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT PROPELLED ME TOWARDS THAT DOOR.

MAYBE BRAVERY. MAYBE PILLS.

MOST LIKELY A NEED TO DISPEL THE SIGHT OF A HAIRLESS DOG GIVIN' ME ADVICE.

BUT NOTHIN' PREPARES ME FOR WHAT I SEE NEXT.

IT'S TIME. IT'S TIME.

THE PAYMENT HAS COME DUE.

CAN'T MUCH SAY WHAT HAPPENS JUST AFTER THAT.

MAYBE MY MIND CAN'T COMPREHEND WHAT CAME OUT OF THE WOUND IN THE AIR.

MAYBE I'VE SEEN TOO MUCH.

SIR? ARE YOU AWAKE?

BEEN SOME BAD NEWS.

Gasoline

I KNOW YOU TWO WAS OLD FRIENDS FROM BACK IN THE DAY.

DAILY N

THERE IT IS, IN UNDENIABLE BLACK AND WHITE, DARING ME TO COME TO ANY OTHER CONCLUSION.

DAILY • NEWS

BELOVED ROCK STAR FOUND DEAD IN HOM

HARD TO KNOW IF WHAT I SAW HAPPENED.

BUT I KNOW IT'S TRUE.

I'VE SPENT TOO MUCH OF MY LIFE ON THE LINE.

THIS IS A CALL TO PICK A SIDE.

MOST IMPORTANTLY, IT'S A CALL TO DO A LITTLE PAYIN' BACK OF MY OWN...

BY MAKIN' SURE HELL STAYS IN ITS PLACE.

AS SURE AS NIGHT IS DARK AND DAY IS LIGHT

HIGHWAYMAN TO HEAVEN

STORY: TIM SEELEY ART: JIM TERRY COLORS: FELIPE SOBREIRO LETTERS: CRANK!

SOMEWHERE. AMERICA.

Gasoline

CAR WASH

FOR 1
Greasy
meal
cans

CLOSED BY
COUNTY
ORDINANCE

STAB
SODA

SOME OF IT'S MINE. SOME OF IT'S NOT.

SQWK
SQWK
SQWK

I'M READY.

JUST FUCKING GET IT OVER WITH, *VLAD.*

DE-*BLOOD* ME.

CASSIE & VLAD IN

SLICE OF LIFE

BY TIM SEELEY, TRIONA FARRELL, & CRANK!

AH. YES. HURRM.

WHAT?

IT'S JUST THAT, WELL, HURR... YOU ARE MOSTLY UNCLOTHED, CASSANDRA.

AND THIS WATER WILL TOUCH YOU. BUT I AM HURR... HOLDING THE WATER, YES? SO, THAT IS LIKE I AM TOUCHING YOU. UNCLOTHED.

CAR WASH

AND I...

...I HAVE NEVER TOUCHED ANOTHER BEFORE.

RIGHT. THAT WHOLE GROWING UP ALONE IN A BASEMENT THING.

=SIGH=

SO, LOOK, I'M GOING TO EASE YOU INTO THIS, OKAY? GIVE ME THE SPONGE.

HURRM. YES.

ICE

NOW, GET OUT OF THOSE BLOODY-ASS CLOTHES. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR UNDIES ON. YOU WEAR UNDIES, RIGHT?

WHAT OF THE MASK? I NEED IT. TO KEEP THE BAD THINGS OUT OF MY EYES AND MOUTH AND NOSE...

AND IT SMELLS LIKE THE INSIDE OF A CAST.

MASK TOO.

HURR.

ICE

SEE? IT'S NOT SO BAD.

JUST TWO FRIENDS WASHING BODILY FLUIDS OFF EACH OTHER IN THE MORNING SUN.

ONE MORE PASS, AND IT'S MY TURN--

HURR HURR HURR HURR!

SPLST

AH! BLP!

STOP IT! STOP IT YOU DICK!

IT'S NOT, *HA*... IT'S NOT FUNNY, *HAHA*...

HA HA HA

PZAP

YOU JUST--I'M GONNA--

SPLOOSH

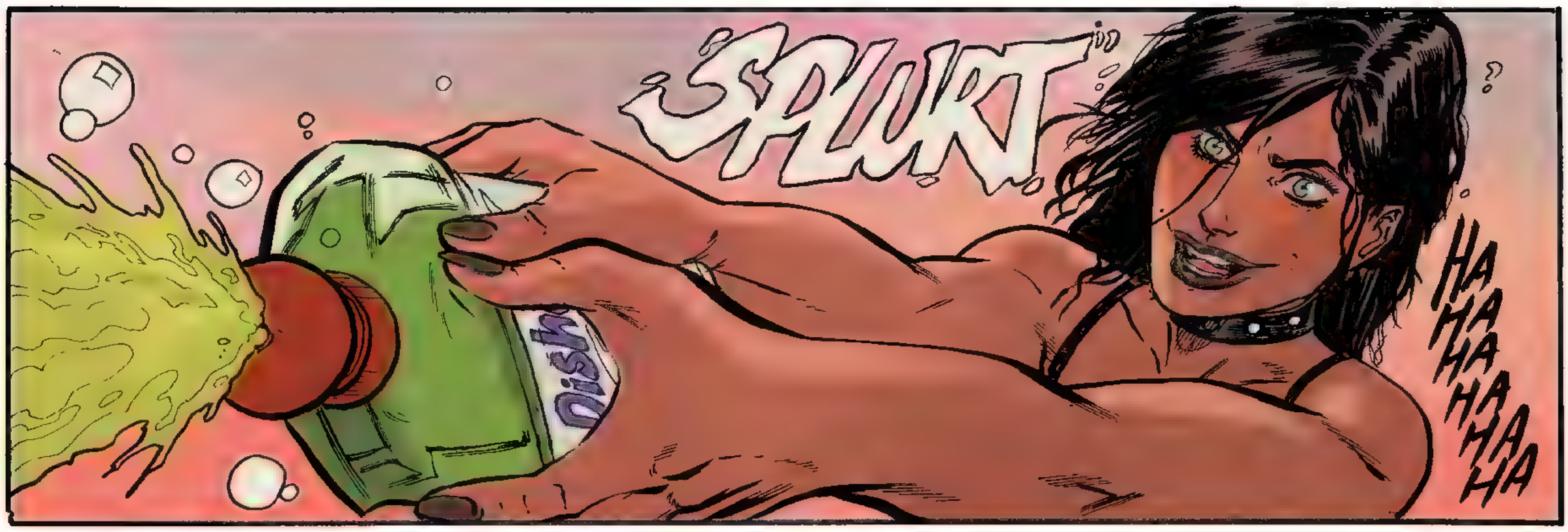
HA HAHA HAHA HA!

HA HAHA HAHA HA!

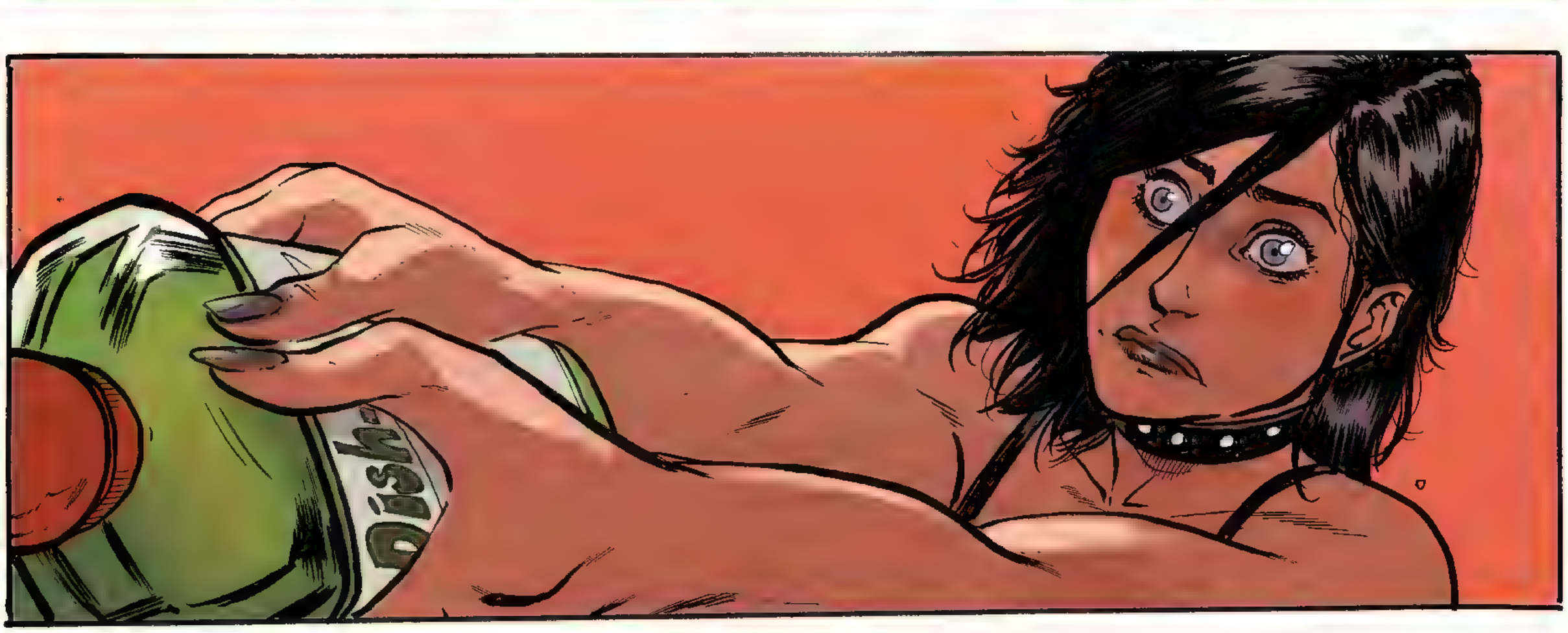
OKAY! *HAHA.*

OKAY, YOU WANNA PLAY?

YEAH! LET'S PLAY!


SPLUKT
?
HA HA HA HA HA
Dish

Heh Heh Heh.
Dish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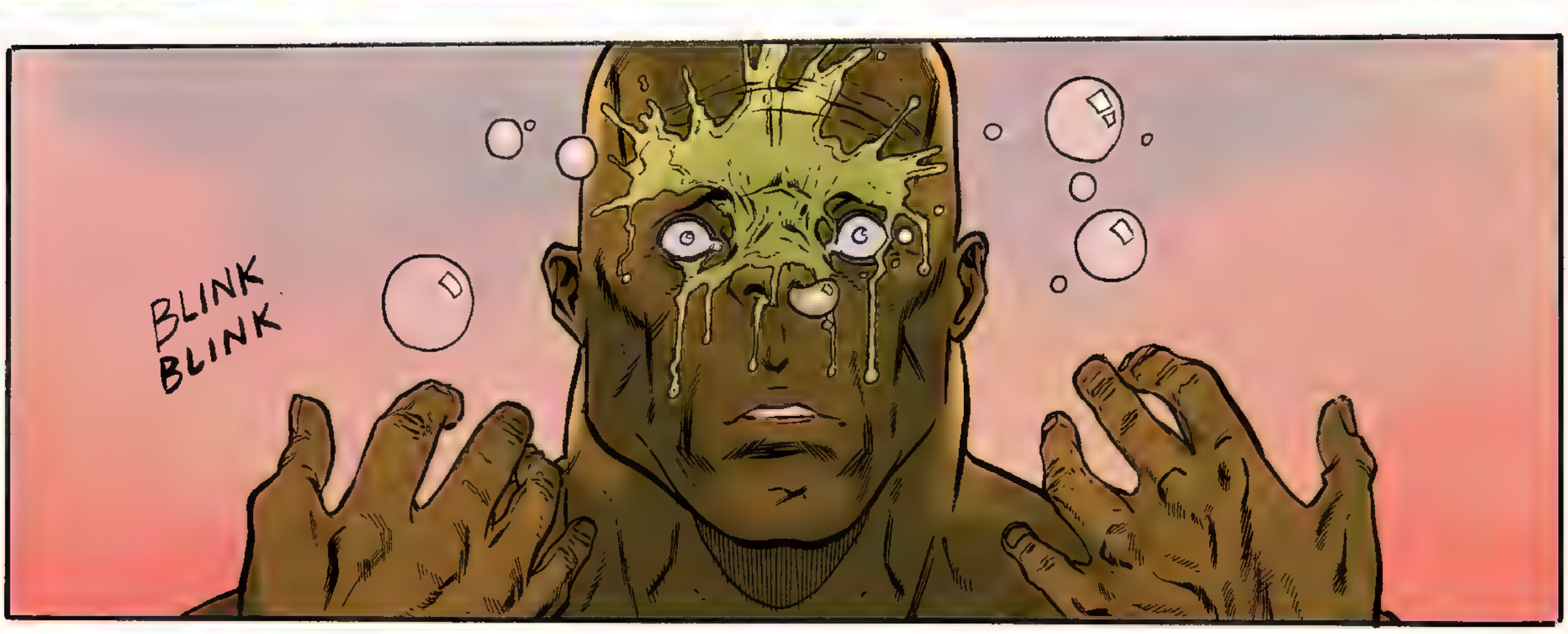
BLINK
BLINK

MY EYES!

I HAVE THE BURNING! SO BURNING!

AH, JEEZ. I'M SORRY. I JUST GOT-- I'M SORRY, OKAY?

MY MASK! I SHOULD NOT TAKE OFF MY MASK! THE BUTCHER SAID!

I KNOW, I KNOW. HERE. LET ME JUST CLEAN IT OFF AND IT'LL BE OKAY, ALL RIGHT?

NO! NO TOUCH!

WHNF!

HNF. AH. OW.

DUDE. I LANDED IN SOMETHING...

IT'S...

snf snf

IT'S *SHIT!*

WHAT THE FUCK?!

WHERE THE FUCK DID IT EVEN COME FROM?

ARF!

FUUUCK!

HRMPH.

BAD THINGS.

=SIGH=

YEAH. I KNOW.

Snf. Snf.

AAH!

THE END.

I am Mary Shelley Lovecraft.

I am a sentient hyper concept of the Nth level, given consciousness and desire by the pure relevance and power of my source materials.

And I am out of my element.

NOT SO FAST! WE NEED THE POWER GRID FOR, Y'KNOW... *POWER.*

WAKOW

For I am the spirit of tales from gothic horrors to speculative fictions.

I desire to obliterate physical space and replace it with the superior realm of ideaspace.

HNH. YOU HAVE ME, HEROINE...

But, not this ideaspace.

I AM DEFEATED.

AND *UNARMED.*

BLERRRG

For this is the world of superhuman heroes. Of satire. Of titillation.

This is the world of LOVEBUNNY & MR. HELL.

DON'T WORRY...

And I hate it.

...I DIDN'T BELIEVE HER SQUID ASS EITHER.

THROOM

HRRM?

OKAY, WE SAVED MINNEAPOLIS FROM CANDLELIGHT AND ACTUALLY HAVING TO TALK TO EACH OTHER.

BRING ON THE SOCIAL MEDIA PRAISE!

WAIT, WHAT? #THREESQUAREAVENGER? WHAT THE HELL'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN--?!

AW, SERIOUSLY?!

THIS IS WHAT THE NEWS CAMERAS WERE FOCUSED ON?!

THIS IS WHY EVERYONE HATES THE MEDIA!

WHY?

WHY DID YOU STOP ME?

ALL I WISHED TO DO WAS SYPHON ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO POWER MY *INTERFICTION DOOR.*

I WANT TO *LEAVE* THIS WORLD, AND BEDEVIL IT NO LONGER.

YEAH, THAT'S NICE, MARY, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE?

THAT WOULD WIPE OUT ALL THOSE DEVICES...AND PROBABLY A CERTAIN HASHTAG.

HMM...

MR. HELL! OH MY GOSH! LOOK! YOU CAN SEE WISCONSIN FROM HERE!

HRGHM?

GO! SKEDADDLE!

It could have been worse I suppose.

I could have been cast out and imprisoned in a universe where superheroes are motivated only by sincere dedication to what's right.

CRACK

Fortunately that's very hard to write.

And writers are very lazy.

Now this. This is much more my milieu. From amongst these decaying monuments to the forgotten dead, I shall grow strength and influence and--

DEMON!

YOUR KIND IS NOT WELCOME HERE. SO SAYS EVA, DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON.

=sigh= Of course. What's a world of horrors without a hunter to stand against them?

MAY MY BLADES FIND THINE HEART.

They don't make them like this one anymore.

All ruffles, cleavage, and Shakespearean dialogue. So very Hammer.

I ALMOST HATE TO BE ABUSIVE TOWARDS SUCH A KINDRED SPIRIT.

ALMOST.

STICK TO *VAMPIRES,* HUNTER.

KRAK

WE'D PREFER THE VAMPIRES STICK TO *YOU.*

HNH!

That voice. Threatening but with the practiced silky eloquence of a host.

Part horror, part science fantasy, part teen boy fantasy. VAMPIRELLA OF DRAKULON.

What bizarre fusion of tales is this?!

NOW, WHILE SHE'S DISTRACTED--

PURGATORI.

Conqueror. Demoness. Heavy metal bitch queen.

OH DEAR, VAMPI. I DON'T LIKE BEING ORDERED AROUND.

BUT PERHAPS IF THE ROLES WERE REVERSED...

...AND THERE WERE SOME *SPANKING* INVOLVED.

THROK

How have these disparate creatures come together?!

What banal author formulated this?!

HEY, SQUIDWARD.

CASSANDRA HACK.

WHAT, NO *ARCHIE* THIS TIME?

METAL Ice Cream

HOW?!

I HAVE A SUBSCRIPTION TO *LOVEBUNNY & MR. HELL*. PROBABLY THE *ONLY* ONE.

BUT THAT FINAL PAGE OF THE LAST ISSUE WAS ENOUGH TO GET THE *GIRLS* TOGETHER.

NO MATTER HOW *BAD* WE ARE, WE'D ALL LIKE TO KEEP OUR STORIES GOING.

SO, YOU, *MARY?*

BOOM

YOU'RE CANCELED.

ANOTHER COSMIC THREAT AVERTED.

GOOD. I DON'T LIKE THE COMPETITION.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD CONSIDER MAKING THIS UNION A REGULAR THING. A SORT OF AVENGING FORCE--

STOP RIGHT THERE, VAMPI. THIS IS STRICTLY FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

METAL Ice Cream

SAVE IT FOR ANOTHER DELUXE EDITION.

Minneapolis.

MR. HELL! SOMEONE'S ATTACKING THE MALL, AND WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN STOP THEM!

HRGHM?

COWER FOOLS!

FOR MS. MOLLUSK HAS DECREED BOOBERS SHALL SERVE THE BLOOMIN' CALAMARI BALL NO MORE!

BOOBERS

Yes, I have returned to the world of superhuman heroes. Of satire. Of titillation.

I hate it.

BOOBERS

NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT! ROLL THOSE CAMERAS!

HRM.

But at least it's predictable.

#foursquaretheend